

THE IMPERIAL ECHO

WHAT looks like *The Wireless Times* and isn't?

I doesn't know, Miztuh Interlocutah; what *do* look like *De Wireless Times* an' ain't?

Why, *The Imperial Echo*.

Which is another good question. Why *The Imperial Echo*? Glad you asked. Well, you see, there is a rather splendid march entitled "Imperial Echoes", and we always rather liked the idea of doing a publication entitled *The Imperial Echo*. So when we started to think about doing a private journal for that selectest of all elites, the *Friends of the Romantic*, we thought: "Jolly-ho! A chance to use That Title!" And we did. Look. It is up there, about two inches overhead. You can't miss it. A bit higher. Yes, that is it.

You could argue, I suppose, that the paper is a bit — well — *tiddly* for such a grand title. We did think of calling it *Chatterbox*, which would have been more realistic, really. But then, who wants to be realistic? As Miss Falconer once said of realism in the theatre: "If I want realism I can stand in a 'bus queue."

Besides, there *ought* to be a bit of grandeur and romance in the title, oughtn't there? I mean, we *are* building the Empire, are we not? Little by little, as Eric said when he was cutting off his tail. Great oaks from little acorns and all that sort of rannygazoo — if rannygazoo is the word I am looking for.

So, here we are, on the first page of a new publication; a publication so private that it will be seen by fewer eyes than a modern poetry magazine. We really can do whatever we like. So what *do* we like?

Well, we can have news about the little world of Perfect Publications, of course. And then we wondered if you would like Pippit's *Poppitop* cartoons. They were judged not suitable for *The Romantic* and the *Maggie* is text-only, so you will get the chance to see something almost nobody else sees. We did wonder whether to invite Sparrowhawk to comment on current news as it happens — another thing not allowed in other Perfect Publications (Sparrowhawk does not actually follow the news, but we could probably look out such tidbits as would cause the great bird to swoop down from the empyrean). We were rather divided on this. What do you think? On the one hand it seems rather smelly to have anything to do with the news at all. On the other, it seems rather good to subject it to the treatment it deserves. Do let us

(WHEE! round we go to make room for the Poppitops!) know what you would like to see in the jolly old Echo, and, of course, if you have anything to contribute, contribute away — safe in the knowledge that hardly any one will see you! (But those who do will be the *creme de la jolly old creme*).

A VOTE OF THANKS

Now for the bit with which we probably should have begun. A vote of thanks to all you chaps who have put your money where your heart is and supported the cause of truth, justice and the whimsical way. In time to come your names will be graven in letters of gold on the portals of — we are not sure where, but somewhere very special. When innocence and elegance reign once more upon the world, let it not be forgotten that you, in the darkest of days, helped to make it possible.

Well, P.P.F.N. (pip-pip for now). We have just thought of a few utterly topping things to send you with the next issue or so, but we are not saying what they are just yet.

